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EULOGIUM

ON

CAPT. JAMES LAWRENCE AND LIEUT. A. C. LUDLOW.

DELIVERED

AT THE REQUEST

OF THE

Grand Lodge of Delaware.

BY

BROTHER G. READ, Jun'r. Esq. S. W. of St. John's Lodge, No. 2.

WILMINGTON:

PRINTED BY R. PORTER.

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1813.



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AT AN ADJOURNED communication of the Grand Lodge of Delaware,
holden at the Town-Hall in the Borough of Wilmington, September 10th, A. L. 5813 :—

THE Grand Lodge of Delaware, entertaining a high sense of the exalted merits of the naval heroes Captain JAMES LAWRENCE, and Lieutenant AUGUSTUS C. LUDLOW; who fell nobly fighting in their country's cause ;—*Resolved*, as a tribute of unfeigned respect to their memories to manifest in solemn form, and according to ancient usage, the deep sorrow inspired by the mournful occurrence, that a EULOGIUM be delivered by Brother GEORGE READ, Junior, Esquire, member of the Grand Lodge, and Senior Warden of St. John's Lodge, No. 2, commemorative of the virtue, gallantry and devotion to their country, displayed by those brave men ; and that a procession shall be formed by this Grand Lodge, and the subordinate Lodges under its jurisdiction, with the Lodges at Cantwell's-Bridge, Elkton, and Chester ;—Brother Mason's who do not belong to Lodges in this State, officers of the Navy and Army of the United States, the Militia corps in this State and citizens shall be invited to join, and attend the delivery of the Eulogium.

By order of the Grand Lodge,

Attest.

GEORGE READ, Grand Master, p. t.

JOHN NIELSON, Grand Secretary.

AT AN ADJOURNED communication of the Grand Lodge of Delaware, holden at the Town-hall of the Borough of Wilmington, September 25th, A. L. 5813 :—

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge, hereby render to Brother GEORGE READ, Junior, Esq. the tribute of their thanks, for the eloquent and excellent Eulogy on Captain JAMES LAWRENCE, and Lieutenant AUGUSTUS C. LUDLOW, delivered by him before the Grand Lodge this day. And pursuant to a resolution adopted on the 10th instant, the committee of arrangement, are hereby requested to cause it to be published, from a Copy presented by Brother G. READ, Jun'r. to the Grand Lodge.

Attest.

G. READ, Grand Master, p. t.

JOHN NIELSON, Grand Secretary.

ORDER OF PROCESSION,

ON

SATURDAY THE 25th OF SEPTEMBER, 1813.

THE elevated character which the American Navy has attained by the splendid achievements of its officers and seamen, who have encircled it with imperishable wreaths of honour and renown, impelled the Grand Lodge of Delaware, participating in the general feelings of pride and exultation that pervade the great community of the United States, to resolve that a Eulogium commemorative of the virtue, gallantry and devotion in their country's cause, of the much lamented naval heroes, the late Captain JAMES LAWRENCE and AUGUSTUS C. LUDLOW, should be delivered on the 25th of this instant, at the Presbyterian Church in Wilmington, by Brother GEORGE READ, Jun'r. Esq. Senior Warden, of St. John's Lodge, No. 2. And that a Grand Masonic Procession should be formed to move from the Hall of the Grand Lodge, which Commodore Angus of the Delaware squadron, with his officers and seamen, together with the military and citizens, should be invited to join:—Accordingly on this morning, the Grand Lodge assembled, and a procession was formed, and moved to the Church in the following order.—

'Two Tylers with drawn swords.

Two Stewards with wands in mourning.

Book of Constitutions,

borne by the oldest Master of the Senior Lodge, supported by two Pastmasters.

Grand Master, Grand Senior and Junior Wardens, bearing their Columns.

Grand Secretary with his scroll, and Grand Treasurer with his staff.

Grand Chaplain with a Prayer-Book, and Orator.

Three Pastmasters bearing three lights extinguished.

Past Grand officers of the Grand Lodge, two and two.

Grand Deacons with wands in mourning.

Subordinate Lodges, according to seniority, in the following order.—

Master bearing the Warrant of his Lodge.

Senior and Junior Wardens bearing their Columns.

Treasurer and Secretary.

Pastmasters two and two.

Master Masons two and two.

Fellow Crafts two and two.

Entered Apprentices, do. do.

Two Tylers with drawn swords.

Deacons with wands in mourning.

Band of Music.

Commodore Angus.

Officers of the Navy two and two.

Seamen two and two.

Military in the following order, in files arms reversed.

Field officers according to rank.

Cavalry.

Artillery.

Infantry.

Citizens two and two.

Grand Marshal and three assistants on horseback on the right and left of the line of march.

The procession moved from the Town-hall up Market-street to Hanover-street, up Hannover-street to Kennet road, thence along that road to Market-street, down Market-street to Water-street, down Water-street to King-street, up King-street to Queen-street, thence along that street to the Presbyterian Church. On arriving at the church, the Tylers and Deacons formed an arch at the east door, under which the Procession passed and entered the church, where after a prayer by the Grand Chaplain, and a selected Hymn sung by the choristers under direction of Mr. Azariah Fobes, accompanied by a band of Music belonging to the Artillery Company of Wilmington, an Eulogy was delivered by Brother GEORGE READ, Junior, Esq. distinguished alike by the splendour of eloquence—chasteness and purity of style, and appropriate and pathetic sentiments, to a numerous and brilliant audience. Commo-

dore Angus, his officers and seamen, formed a most interesting part of the auditory. Their manly bosoms seemed to swell responsive to the glowing sentiments of the Orator, called forth by the glorious achievements of our naval heroes.

The procession was, after the conclusion of the ceremonies, resumed, and returned in the same order to the hall of the Grand Lodge. The most perfect order prevailed, the arrangements were the most suitable to the occasion, and the Masonic and Military Corps were more numerous in their attendance than is recollected on any former occasion. They made a fine display, and did honour to the patriotic spirit which animated the Grand Lodge in paying this tribute of respect to the manes of their departed countrymen and most worthy Brothers.

By order of the Grand Lodge of Delaware,

Attest.

JOHN NIELSON, Grand Secretary.

September 25th, A. L. 5813.

DEDICATED

TO

The Grand Lodge

OF

DELAWARE.

EULOGIUM, &c.

THE Gratitude of the Nation, is justly due to those of her Citizens, whom their virtue and their valour have distinguished. In all ages, and in all countries, we observe the celebration of national epochs, and the commemoration of illustrious men. The Memory, and the Deeds of the Hero, have survived the lapse of time in the pages of the historian, and his Fame has been consecrated to immortality in the deathless verse of the poet. The glowing canvass and the breathing marble—the storied column, and the animated bust—the triumphal arch and the honour-ed urn—have perpetuated his actions, and shed the rays of glory around his career. Such have been more peculiarly therewards of that active patriotism, which devotes its life to deeds of daring and of arms—which sacrificing all the endearing ties of private life, and all the calm safety of seclusion, seeks amid the perils of war, the trophies of victory.

The victorious chief who has passed through in safety the dangers of Battle, can look back with delighted satisfaction on the perils he has encountered, and the conquests his prowess has achieved ; he reposes, after all his privations and sacrifices, in the bosom of his grateful and applauding country, and reaps in their admiration the rich reward of his valour. A different lot often awaits the good and the brave. Superior conduct nor super-human bravery, will always command success ; and the frail tenure of human life is common to the coward and the bold. It is when brave men fall victims to accident, that they particularly excite our sympathetic regret. It is then they become the more express objects of our devoted attachments. When he is lost to us forever, we appreciate the high value, of what we

possessed, and in the tender recollection of his worth, and of his endearing qualities, we feel the full extent of his loss, whom all our vain regrets cannot restore. The living Hero, encircled as he is, by the glory of his exploits, and exalted by the imposing circumstance of his success, commands our admiration—but the Tribute is sometimes unwillingly, often coldly paid. Envy sickens at the praises, and detraction, preys upon the laurels of a contemporary. But, when the silent tomb has hidden him from our sight—when the gloom of death, buries his faults in oblivion—a thousand tender recollections, rush upon the memory, and admiration warms into love. When alive, revered and admired—when dead, entombed in our hearts and affections.

If these sympathies and feelings, attend him to the tomb, who has fallen full of years and of glory—whose sun has set in serene splendour after the unclouded course of a summer's day, what expressions of sorrow does our feeble language afford, when we behold the youthful Hero, full of life, and energy, and hope—exulting in a Nation's blessings—in the very morning of life, and in the opening of his triumphant career—sink at once into the darkness of Death—a death overshadowed by the gloom of disaster and defeat! Would to Heaven! that such scenes existed but in fancy, forming combinations of more than human misery! Would to Heaven, that the closing hours of those short lives which were passed in the service of our country, devoted to the assertion of her rights, and to the triumphs of her arms, did not call forth the effusions of our sorrow—did not this day assemble us, to weep over the memories of Lawrence and of Ludlow.

There are some features in the characters of Captain Lawrence and of Lieutenant Ludlow so remarkably similar, as to render them the proper subjects of the same eulogy. Devoted ardently to the same mode of life, characterized alike by the desire of naval renown, amiable, and enlight-

ened, in their manners, and ideas, bold, daring, and dauntless in combat, mild, polished, and unassuming in social life, in the very bud and opening of existence, full of all those fond hopes, and flattering expectations which fancy so often promises to fulfil, and which reality so seldom confirms, in the same conflict they fought, in the same conflict they fell,—one common tomb closed over their mortal remains, and their memories received at the hands of the enemy similar honors. Among us the eulogies of gratitude have embalmed their names with its tears, and Lawrence and Ludlow will meet in the same page of some future historian, who records the actions of our sages and warriors.—United too by those mystick ties, which by the institutions of Masonry have pervaded the world, and by their vivifying influence drawn the most distant nations into one grand union of harmony and love, our Brothers have ascended together to the Grand Lodge above, “eternal in the Heavens.” We have reason to deplore an event, which has robbed our society of such distinguished ornaments. Appearing above our horizon, in their brief career of glory they dazzled our eyes, like the brilliant coruscations of the momentary meteor, and then sunk into sudden night. But, no! I do wrong to their memories, and our gratitude! when time has diminished the poignancy of our grief, their fame, like the mellow tints of evening after the sun has set, shall still live in the softened recollection of their merits, and our loss!

At the early age of sixteen, Captain Lawrence entered the Navy of the United States. His eager aspirations after distinction prevented his pursuit of a profession which holding its even way amid the seclusion of private life, denies, except to a few favoured votaries, that brilliancy of character so attractive to the youthful mind. The ardent imagination of Lawrence beheld in the dangers of the ocean, and the chances of Battle, the trophies of victory and renown. And amply did subsequent events justify his fondest wishes and most sanguine expectations. In that small but gallant

Fleet, which spread the terror of our arms, over the burning sands of the Torrid Zone, and made the barbarians of Africa tremble at the prowess of a Nation of whose existence they were almost entirely ignorant, Lawrence particularly distinguished himself. In the attempt to destroy the Frigate Philadelphia, moored under the batteries of Tripoli, an enterprize as hazardous in the execution, as it was gloriously successful in its issue,—He partook with Decatur in the honour of an exploit which shed so much lustre on the American name. To the shores of the mediterranean, and to a war with a horde of piratical barbarians, we owe much of that courage and discipline which has so eminently distinguished our naval commanders. Here that lofty spirit yet in its infancy but destined hereafter to triumph in repeated contests over the boasted mistress of the ocean, first impeded its eagle flight.

At the period when the accumulated aggressions and proud pretensions of England involved us in the existing war, the merits of Captain Lawrence had raised him to the command of a Sloop of War. He had now an opportunity of developing to the eye of the publick those qualities for which he was afterwards so well known. The nation to which we had thrown the gauntlet of defiance, was the undisputed mistress of the seas. Her “thousand Ships of War,” in successive and decisive encounters had defeated and driven from the ocean, the Fleets of every Maritime Power of the Old World. So high had her naval reputation risen by repeated triumphs, that no deed of daring was esteemed beyond the power of British seamen. In every region of the pathless deep, victory still waved on the Red Cross Banner; and her poets sung in exulting numbers, the meteor flag which had braved “a thousand years, the battle and the breeze.”

Our pretensions were as modest as they were moderate. Our existence was fresh—unstained by the crimes and corruption which national power so often engenders, we were

unable to boast, any of that ancient renown, which lives in the annals, of National pride. True it was, at no remote period, our Fathers had achieved the triumph of our Independence—a triumph unequalled for its dangers and success. But this was only the corner-stone of our national character, the superstructure yet remained to be reared. All that a mild and equitable government at home, a just and temperate deportment abroad could produce, was accomplished. At the crisis, we are now contemplating, it became necessary to show the deluded politicians of Europe, that a noble daring, and bold exploits in war are not inconsistent with a sincere and ardent love of peace.

Lawrence was one of the band of Heroes to whose care was committed the deposit of our national honour. And nobly did he discharge the sacred trust, by sacrificing his life in its defence. When hostilities first commenced we find him, seeking an encounter with an enemy's ship of acknowledged superiority of force, which the prudence of his opponent induced him ingloriously to decline. This was it is true a victory, without a contest, but nevertheless highly important as an indication of the rapid rise of our naval reputation even in the estimation of the enemy. It was not long however, before the chances of war gave Lawrence an opportunity of signalizing himself, of which no prudence or circumspection of his adversary could deprive him. The vessel he encountered was at least of equal force; yet the conflict was as brief in its duration, as it was decisive in its event. In a few short minutes from its commencement, the signal of surrender was accompanied by signs of distress. The enemy's vessel was sinking—and hurrying to a watery grave, the conquered, the dying, and the dead. Moulded to the impressions of humanity, by the precept and example, of his gallant commander, the American sailor, forgot all enmity in the calls of distress, and nobly hazarded his own life, to save the remnant of the conquered, which had escaped the fury of Battle. This was a scene, over which,

the best feelings of our nature bend, with delightful sympathy. This was a striking practical example of the principles of the ancient and respectable institution of Masonry, which unite even contending nations, in the bonds of Universal Philanthropy.

Lawrence was now in the splendour of his fame. His morning of life, was brilliant indeed. He was hailed by the united plaudits of his countrymen, the clamorous acclamations of the multitude, and the refined homage of the few. Private esteem, and publick admiration, pursued his course, and all the honours, and rewards, which were consistent with the spirit of our republican institutions, were generously bestowed. Publick opinion took its character, from the nature of the exploits, which had excited it, and was as warm in the acknowledgment of its gratitude, as the achievements of its favourite, were vivid, and imposing.

The appointment of Captain Lawrence, to the Frigate Chesapeake, doubtless intended as a compliment to his acknowledged merits, was the origin of the reverses of his fortune, and the immediate cause of his fate. Disgrace, and dishonour, had not yet been effaced from her flag; her crew, but just recruited, were yet undisciplined, and wholly unknown to their new commander. The Chesapeake, was besides, one of the worst vessels of her class. In this situation, the British Frigate Shannon, appeared off the harbour of Boston, ready at all points, superior in size, with a chosen crew, prepared for the combat, under the eye, and the discipline of one of the most accomplished officers, of the British navy. A verbal challenge was conveyed to Captain Lawrence, to try his prowess in Battle. No moment of hesitation, ensued in the soul of ardent, and impetuous valour, a nobler adversary never rushed to combat, more worthy of his country's fame, a more safe depositary of his country's honour. Victory was in the hands of Providence, but his glory depended not on it—it was imperishable.

From the lofty eminences, which overlooked the sea, the anxious eyes of thousands of our countrymen, saw our gallant frigate commence the Battle—the prayers of thousands in silence and suspense entreated for her success;—a dark rolling cloud hides them from our view; commiserating destiny, throws the veil over a scene, too distressing, for the Patriot to contemplate.

We all remember the anxious solicitude, with which, the issue of the Battle was awaited—we all remember, the burst of feeling, which accompanied a knowledge of the event. The loss of the Frigate, was not the cause of our sorrow; no! it was a spontaneous tribute, to the brave, the fearless, the accomplished Lawrence!

Early in the conflict which had ensued, Captain Lawrence received a severe wound; supporting himself, by the companion way, near which he stood, he still continued to direct the manœuvres of his vessel with his usual promptitude and coolness; his intrepid spirit refusing to submit to his corporal sufferings. The same destructive fire, made great havoc among the other officers, of whom, the lamented Ludlow was wounded. In consequence of the death of the sailing master, the Chesapeake unfortunately fell in contact with the enemy, so as to lie exposed to her raking fire, without being able to return it. The battle now raged in its most savage form, it was the struggle of valour, against overpowering numbers and discipline. At this moment when the issue of the contest hung upon the life of Lawrence, upon Lawrence, wounded, bleeding, unable to support himself,—but dauntless, undismayed, and full of patriotick fire, the shaft of death had winged its disastrous flight, destined to terminate the life of Lawrence, and the issue of the battle. Borne from the deck, fainting, and in the agonies of dissolution, his magnanimous spirit dictated his last orders, “*Don't give up the Ship!*” The cessation of the firing, soon after announced to his struggling

soul, the fatal termination of the combat. One more burst of agonized feeling expressed itself, in the request, which he made to those who were around him, to go upon deck, and repeat his orders,—“Don’t give up the ship;”—“Let the flag wave while I live!” Vain were his wishes, impotent his commands! The enemy had triumphed, and death had secured for his prey, all that remained of the delight, and ornament of his country! Then sunk the lofty spirit of the brave in battle. Gloom and despondency overshadowed, and enveloped that mind, once, the genial habitation of generous valour, and of the mildest virtue. The prospects of life had closed, before the hour of dissolution had arrived, and in silence, and in sorrow, he awaited its approach. At his last hour, no sigh of affection soothed his afflicted spirit, no silent prayer, no cheering sympathy shed sweet consolations around his departing soul! No friendly hand was near to smooth his pillow,—no gentle accents to assuage his anguish,—no tongue of hope, to paint to him, his coming glory, to tell him of a Nation’s love, a Nation’s tears, and a Nation’s gratitude!

About the same time, expired our lamented Brother, the gallant Ludlow. In the bloom of youth, just ripened into manhood, in the morning of life, when the vivid fancy paints the growing day in all the varying colours of the rainbow,—covered with wounds, but none of them mortal, Ludlow might have been spared, to fill in our affections and our hopes, the place of Lawrence, had not a random stroke, after the contest was over, robbed him of life, and ended at once, all the fair prospects which it opened to his views.

Such was the melancholy fate of Lawrence and of Ludlow! “The beauty of Israel is slain,—How are the mighty fallen in the midst of Battle, and the weapons of war perished;—They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided!”

If ever our sympathy is excited by a want of success, it must yield its willing tribute to their memories, whose loss, we are this day assembled to deplore. Captain Lawrence, zealously alive to the unsullied honour, and the late acquired naval character of his country,—jealous too, as he justly was, of a soldier's fame, so sensible to the whispers of detraction,—could not decline the offered battle. He might be successful ;—nobly to dare, is to deserve victory, and in such a contest of inequality, defeat could never be disgrace. To have yielded to the frigid dictates of prudence, was little suited to the opinion entertained of him, by his countrymen, and would doubtless, have subjected his name to the captious sneers of envy and malignity. It will, besides, occur to your recollection, that Lawrence had himself offered the single combat, to an enemy, which was ingloriously declined. He could not do an act, which might possibly receive, from a spirit of misrepresentation, a similar construction. Therefore, with a raw and undisciplined crew, ignorant of him, and to him unknown ; in a frigate, inferior to the enemy, and the worst in our navy, a vessel which naval and irresistible prejudice, had branded among sailors, as disgraced, and ill omened,—He sought the professed battle ; yet, under these disadvantages, great, as they undoubtedly were, we hesitate not to believe, that the enemy owed his success to subsequent accidents, over which there existed no human controul, and against which, no human foresight could provide. Until these accidents occurred, the ill-fated Chesapeake, inferior as she was in all respects, but in the native valour of her hardy crew, had decidedly the advantage. What could be expected, when almost every officer wounded at the very onset, our ship accidentally entangled with the enemy, so as to expose her to a raking fire, which she could not return, the dying Lawrence, was borne bleeding from the deck, at the decisive moment of boarding. Could he, unhurt amid the battle, have remained to head his crew, to animate them by his example, and to direct and concentrate the efforts of their

courage,—but we forbear to heighten our regret for what has happened, by the fond imagination of what might have been the happier event, and bow in afflicted submission, to the dispensations of Heaven !

In the short and brilliant career of Lawrence, whose bravery denied to him a longer duration of life, we have seen an unusual display of those great qualities, and virtues, which masonry inculcates and admires. An ardent desire of fame, the ambition of noble minds, particularly characterized him, and imparted elevation and dignity, to his conduct. Out of this arose, and mingled itself with it, a sincere and active Patriotism, and a generous emulation of laudable deeds. The philanthropic tenets of masonry, were very conspicuous in his benevolence towards his vanquished foes, his magnanimous conduct, in relation to the enemy, and in his bland deportment, and endearing suavity of manners,—the production of which, are objects, of so high interest to our institution. Doubtless, when the veil had been drawn aside, which shrouds our mysteries, from the eye of the profane, he had imbibed those principles, which distinguished his life. He there caught that high and independent spirit, which from an unclouded view of the real relations of things, taught him to despise and avoid the petty artifices of common life. He there learned to forgive and forget the intolerance of party and of sect, and act as becomes a member of that ancient craft, which recognizes no enquiry into the religious or political creed of the unhappy and distressed,—whose language is as universal as the requests, and whose charity, is as extensive as the wants of the wretched ! Of such a brother, our Order may indeed be proud, nor while it holds up for the admiration and example of the initiated, the benevolence, the patriotism, the philanthropy of Lawrence, will it forget a passing tribute to his memory, who was prevented, by a premature fate, from emulating the exalted model, under whose banners he fell !

'There are sorrows too inviolable for the tear of pity or the sigh of sympathy—feelings too poignantly acute, to hear of consolation, or listen to comfort. If captain Lawrence be endeared to his countrymen,—even to those to whom personally unknown,—if he lived admired, and fell beloved and lamented,—if his character was so eminently calculated to win the heart, and seize upon the affections, what must have been her rapturous attachment, who united in herself the most endearing claims upon the affections of such a man ;—The partner of his bosom, the Mother of his children ! Faney recoils from the painful task of depicting her feelings, when the heart-rending tidings were announced, that she was a widow, and her children were orphans ! Time alone, can soften the acuteness of unavailing grief, and when memory can dwell upon scenes of past happiness, which like the dreams of youth, are fled forever, the widowed relict of the Hero, will experience delighted consolation, in the sympathy of the nation, and in the tributes of grateful remembrance !

But does no bright beam of consolation break through the cloud of sorrow, in which the loss we have experienced envelopes us ? Is it our lot, to mourn without hope ?—Or has Providence mingled in the cup of bitterness, some drops of rich and real comfort ?—Let the exulting spirits of those, who feel, with our brave countrymen in arms, answer the enquiry. If any death be enviable, it is when it comes to the Hero fighting in the cause of his country,—If any death be hallowed, it is that of the brave, sinking to rest, covered with the wishes, the honors, the blessings of his country. Whose bosom does not swell with unspeakable emotion,—whose heart does not warm into indescribable admiration, when he hears the names of Wolfe and of Montgomery,—of Lawrence and of Pike,—of Ludlow and of Burrows,—of Burrows, for whom once more we wreath the Cypress with the Laurel ! Honor to the souls of the brave ! Let us not dishonour their ashes by our weak, and unavail-

ing regrets, but rather emulate their noble conduct, and imitate those actions, which have entitled them to the matchless glory of dying in defence of their country ! Thus to survive ourselves, and triumph over Time, to live forever, in the Register of Ages, and records of Fame !

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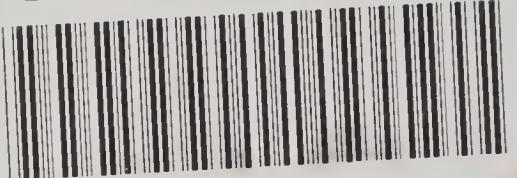
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